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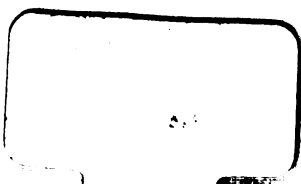
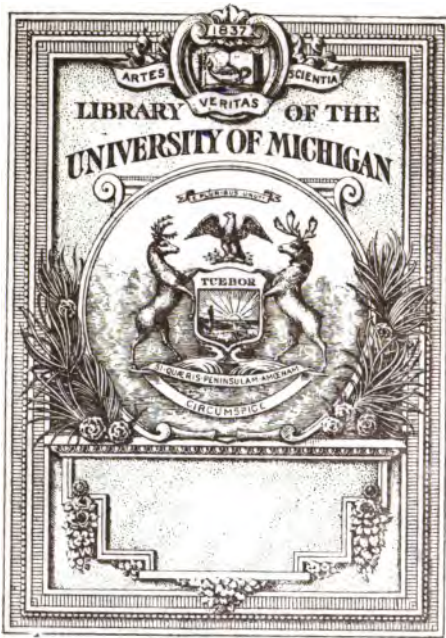
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OPEN BOATS

BY

ALFRED NOYES

*Author of "The Lord of Misrule,"
"Sherwood," "Drake," etc.*



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PROLOGUE

WIRELESS

Now to those who search the deep—
 Gleam of Hope and Kindly Light,
Once, before you turn to sleep,
 Breathe a message through the night
Never doubt that they'll receive it.
 Send it, once, and you'll believe it.

Think you these aerial wires
 Whisper more than spirits may?
Think you that our strong desires
 Touch no distance when we pray?
Think you that no wings are flying
 'Twixt the living and the dying?

Inland, here, upon your knees,
 You shall breathe from urgent lips
Round the ships that guard your seas
 Fleet on fleet of angel ships;

Yea, the guarded may so bless them
That no terrors can distress them.

You shall guide the darkling prow,
Kneeling—thus—and far inland;
You shall touch the storm-beat brow,
Gently as a spirit-hand.
Even a blindfold prayer may speed them,
And a little child may lead them.

OPEN BOATS

CHAPTER I

OPEN BOATS

THE ebb and flow of this war necessarily pass beyond the range of any man's vision. From incidents that we are able to visualize completely — the solitary spar tossed up by the wave—we obtain clues to the moving epic beyond our ken. One mutilated face tells us more than all the swarming casualty columns; and a little wreckage touches the whole Atlantic with tragedy.

For intense drama, doubly significant because its horror is unseen, drowned in the deep reticence

of the sea, it would be difficult to match the following passage from the log-book of a British merchant ship:—

“At this time and position we passed through a quantity of wreckage, apparently from a small vessel, and consisting of small lining boards, painted white, a small companion hatch-cover, a small ladder, several seamen’s chests, and a small empty boat. There were many tins amongst the wreckage, apparently petrol tins, floating deep, some painted red and some green. They had not been long in the water.”

Then, in a single grim sentence, giving the key as if with deliberate art, the log-book closes:—

“At 11:30 a.m. the master observed the top of a periscope.”

Many hundreds of times during

the last two years those tragic little patches have marked the face of the waters; and the sun shines as indifferently over them as over the tiny gray tufts of feathers on Dartmoor, where the hawk has pounced upon his prey. My present concern is chiefly with the small "open boats" to which the "U" boats, on some occasions, consign passengers and crews (men, women and children) after sinking their ships at sea. Certainly no tale in the long annals of our sea-adventure is fraught with more pity and terror.

The provision made by international law for the safety of passengers and crews of merchant ships, belligerent or neutral, has proved to be as ready an instrument of frightfulness as the pro-

vision devised to protect sleeping children, in open cities, from midnight murder. Circumstances are always found to justify whatever the law-breaker may desire to do. If he desires to put men, women, and children into open boats, a hundred miles from land, in a comparatively calm sea, it is obviously not his fault that—six hours later—a storm should rise and trample them under. He has left them at all distances from land, some only a few miles and others many score, in the Mediterranean and in the Atlantic. He attacked the Umeta without warning; and one of her crowded open boats was left adrift in the depth of winter, from December 1 to 5. One man died of thirst and exposure. How many people realize

the full meaning of that simple fact?

The tale of the Cottingham is a typical one. She was owned in Glasgow, rigged as a fore and aft schooner, built of steel at Goole, and bound from Rouen to Swansea. On Sunday, December 26, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, with a south-west wind blowing and a choppy sea, she was about 16 miles south-west of Lundy Island South Light, and sailing at about eight and a half knots. Without any warning, a shell passed directly over the vessel, and the report of a gun was heard. Looking astern, the master saw the periscope and conning-tower of a submarine, dead in the wake of the ship, about a mile distant. The Cottingham kept on her course. A second

shell went over her, and the submarine began to overhaul the ship very rapidly, coming up on the starboard quarter. A signal was now seen flying on the submarine, "Abandon ship," and a third shell struck the Cottingham on the starboard bow.

The engines were stopped, and all hands were called to the boats, which were promptly lowered. There were six men in the master's boat, and seven men in that of the chief officer. This was about 4:30 p.m. The boats pulled away clear, while the shelling continued. There were 10 or 12 shells fired. Darkness was coming on, and the ship was not seen to sink.

The master's boat went away before the wind and sea, steering north-east. Signals by red lights

were made to the other boat, which replied to two signals, but did not answer the third. The boats lost touch with each other about 6 o'clock. The master assumed, however, that the other boat was following the same course, and steered for Lundy Island. Lights were seen a few hours later, and signals were again made by red flares. The patrol-boat Soar loomed up out of the dark, and the crew of the master's boat were taken aboard at 10.30 p.m.

The Soar then cruised round, searching the pitchy seas far and wide, but nothing was seen of the other boat, with the seven missing men.

The end of this brief summary of a thousand cases is told best, perhaps, in a telegram from St.


David's, and even the telegram suggests a second tragedy:—

Begins:—"Lifeboat named Cottingham, of Glasgow, washed ashore at Portliskey, bottom up; broke to pieces on rocks, also life-buoy marked S.S. Ministre Anvers"—ends.

The case of the *Diomed* would be pretty good evidence for the prosecution in that remote court of international law at which most of us agree to scoff, and thereby lend immeasurable support to the tenets of Germany. The *Diomed* was a schooner of some 3,000 tons, built of steel at Greenock, and bound from Liverpool to Shanghai with a general cargo. On August 22, the weather being fine and clear, with a slight sea, she was sailing at full speed about 30 miles

west of the Scilly Islands. At 9.45 a.m. a submarine was sighted about six miles distant on the port beam. The helm was ported at once, to bring the submarine astern.

At about 11.45 a.m. the submarine opened fire. She was then three miles away. The shots fell short till 1.45, when they began to fall ahead of the ship, and at last to strike her. They struck her very systematically. First, they smashed up the stern, then the forepart of the ship, and then—lest any “place of safety” should remain—they began to break up the bridge. The submarine flew no signals. The third steward was dropped, in a red lump, on the forepart of the ship. The master and quarter-master



were killed outright on the bridge, and the chief officer seriously wounded. The bridge now looked like a cross-section of a slaughter house, greased with blood.

The second mate then ordered the ship to be stopped and abandoned; for she was obviously sinking. She carried four boats, of which the two on the portside had been smashed by shell-fire, a matter into which submarines do not inquire too closely when they are committing the bodies of the living to the deep.

A steady pounding of this kind, however, with all its hideous accompaniment of wounds and death and bloody wreckage, induces haste in the hardiest of merchant crews. One of the two boats on the starboard side was "holed":

but they did not notice it till after she was lowered, when, promptly filling up with good green sea water and 20 floundering, wild-eyed men, she capsized.

The crew swam round her, or clung to her sides, while the other starboard boat fought with its own difficulties. Just after it had reached the water there was a violent explosion in the engine-room of the *Diomed*, which threw up a great wave and half filled this boat also. The crew baled her as hastily as possible, in order to come to the rescue of the men in the sea. The maddening nightmare-like confusion of these moments can only be imagined.

At last they were able to pick up the men who were swimming. Those who were clinging to the

damaged boat were left, as they were "safe" for the time being. There were about 34 men in the undamaged boat.

All this time, it must be remembered, the Diomed was sinking. The men had hardly been taken from the water when she went down with a rush. The waves closed over her, and these wrecked men were left alone with their enemies on the naked sea.

The submarine rendered them no help of any kind. The commander looked at the men in the water and shook his fist at them, saying something in German. Then he closed the hatch, and the submarine submerged, leaving them to their own devices.

The second mate headed the undamaged boat for the Irish

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coast; and at about 6 o'clock in the evening he hailed a destroyer, which foamed through the dusk to the scene of the wreck. There, long after dark, they picked up the survivors on the capsized boat. But seven men had dropped off in sheer exhaustion and had been drowned; and five of these were neutrals.

Few of us at home realize the intensity of this ocean-drama in which our merchant seamen, night and day, are risking their lives to keep our sea-roads open. A few lines of cold print can tell us very little by way of epitaph; and their hair-breadth escapes are—in the nature of things—hardly noted at all. Only by exploring incidental matters, that are not included in the published reports, does one

begin to realize that there are sea-romances in the world around us surpassing anything that Hakluyt or Richard Eden ever knew. The tale of the unarmed Anglo-Californian, for instance, was illuminated for me by the exploration of a record of her wireless messages. These, in themselves, tell a tale which, in the days before the war, we should have dismissed as beyond the wildest dreams of melodrama.

The Anglo-Californian was homeward bound from Montreal to Avonmouth, with a cargo of 927 horses. She was chased and shelled by a submarine. She sent out wireless calls, and was answered by a man-of-war, beyond the horizon.

The firing grew so hot that, when

the submarine signaled "abandon ship," the captain decided to obey. He stopped the engines, and two boats were lowered. One was fired on, and both capsized.

A wireless message was then received telling the captain to hold on as long as possible, and he decided to go on again. He had some difficulty in persuading the firemen to go down below; but he was probably helped by the way in which the submarine had treated their "places of safety." As soon as the ship went on the submarine opened fire on the bridge and boats. The captain and eight hands were killed; seven hands were badly wounded, and 20 horses were killed.

I shall not attempt to paint that picture—the smoke, the confusion, the changes of command, the con-

cussions, the neighings of the horses, the pounding of the engines. But, with all that as a background, and the single statement that the wireless operator was in an exposed position just abaft the bridge and remained at his post throughout, let the reader study for himself the amazing melodrama of this wireless conversation between the Anglo-Californian and the invisible men-of-war rushing up beyond the skyline.

“S.O.S., S.O.S., being chased by submarine. S.O.S. Position Latitude so-and-so N. Longitude so-and-so W., steering so-and-so.”

“Go ahead. He is being led a dance, and it is O.K. to work for a few minutes. Now altering course to south.”

"Are you the Cryptic? He is rapidly overtaking us."

"Yes. Steer so-and-so and keep me informed."

"That is impossible. We are being fired on."

"Where is submarine?"

"Now astern."

"Endeavor to carry out instructions. Important"—

"Can't. He is now on top of us, and I can hear his shots hitting us."

"On your port?"

"Submarine on top of us and hitting us. Captain says steering so-and-so. If he alters course will endanger ship."

"Did you get message from Cryptic?" This was an invisible destroyer speaking from a new point of the compass, 40 miles away.

"Don't know who he is. Believe it is Sphinx."

"No. Cryptic said something about approaching you."

"I can't hear him."

"Steer as much east as possible."

This was Cryptic resuming her long-distance instructions and cross-examination with the calm of a doctor addressing a nervous patient.

"If we steer east, we shall have submarine abeam. We can't do it."

"Please give Cryptic your speed."

"Twelve knots."

"Can see your smoke. Hold on. Funnel red and blue bands with yellow star. We are making your smoke."

"According to your position I am nine miles off you."

"We are the Anglo-Californian."

"Have you many passengers?"

"No. But we are 150 men on board. Crew."

"Please fire rocket to verify position. What is position of submarine?"

"Right astern, firing at wireless."

"Let me have your position frequently."

"Now firing our rockets." Submarine signals. "Abandon vessel as soon as possible."

"As a last resource, can you ram? She will then give in. Can you see my smoke north-east of you?"

"No. No. She is too close. We are stopped, and blowing off."

It was at this point that the captain apparently wavered be-

tween abandoning his ship and going on. The reader will note the subtle distinctions in the following dialogue:—The Anglo-Californian, as an unarmed ship, being chiefly anxious to escape, while the man-of-war is anxious also to bag the submarine, if possible. The sea was still naked of help, though beyond the horizon the great ships were foaming up at full speed. It was the encouragement of the wireless rather than a faint wisp of smoke on the sky-line that persuaded the captain to continue the struggle.

“Can see you distinctly,” called the Cryptic. “Am about southwest from you. Hold on.”

“Yes. Yes. He is running away.”

“In what direction?”

"He is on the port side, we are between you and him. Hurry, hurry, hurry, he is getting abeam to torpedo us."

"I am coming."

"We are keeping him astern now."

"O.K. Endeavor to keep his attention. You will be quite safe when ——"

"Your signals are weak."

"How are you steering?"

"I can't find out how we are steering. It is zig-zag."

"Tell captain to steer straight."
(The zig-zag course was wrong, as the submarine was astern.) "How many masts have you?"

"For God's sake hurry up. Firing like blazes."

"How many masts?" ——

"Can't read you. Concussion."

"How many masts have you?"

"Two—two—one funnel. I see you on our port beam."

"O.K. Keep quiet as though we were only coming to your assistance, and nothing else."

"Keeping him astern. Hurry up."

"We are firing. Can you inform result?"

"Can hear you. Several being wounded. Shrapnel, I believe."

"Keep men below, or those on deck lie face down."

"All taking shelter in front of bridge-houses. He is firing shell."

"Have you two or four masts in all?"

"Two masts and one funnel."

"What speed?"

"Twelve, twelve, and submarine keeping pace. He is still very

close within 200 yards. Captain wants to know if you will fire to scare him."

"Firing to scare him. Please head towards me."

"We can't. You are astern and so is submarine."

"Head for us in round about south. If submarine is only 200 yards astern put ropes astern and tow in order to foul his propellers. Can you see my smoke?"

And again another ship anxiously repeats the question:—"Cryptic wants to know if you can see his smoke."

"Yes, yes, a long way off. Can see your smoke astern."

"What bearing? What has happened to you?"

"They can't tell what bearing. Now sinking."

"Are you torpedoed?"

"Not yet, but shots in plenty hitting. Broken glass all round me."

"Stick it, old man."

"Yes, you bet. Say, the place stinks of gunpowder. Am lying on the floor."

"Nothing better, old man. Keep your pecker up, old man."

"Sure thing. Is there anything else coming to us, please?"

"Yes, I am Cryptic. Coming full speed, 33 knots."

"I have had to leave phones. Yes, I say I smell gunpowder here strong, and am lying on the floor. My gear beginning to fly around with concussion. Smoke W.N.W. of me, there is a man of fight on our starboard side and the submarine is on our port side. Sub-

marine has dived. Submarine has dived."

"Report her trail at intervals."

"I hope she stops down there. It is getting hot here."

"We are coming. We are coming. Have you launched all boats?"

"Yes. Two ships coming. One abeam, and one on port quarter. Don't worry. He has gone. Destroyers now alongside."

CHAPTER II

SEA SAVAGERY

Two telegrams begin this winter's tale. The first, to C. in C. E. Indies: "Have you any news of the S.S. Clan Macfarlane, passed Malta on Dec. 27, bound for Port Said?" The second, -from C. in C. E. Indies: "Clan Macfarlane has not yet arrived in Egypt."

The Clan Macfarlane, of the Port of Glasgow, was a steamer of some 4,000 tons, built of steel, at Sunderland. She had a crew of seventy-six hands, and a general cargo and left Birkenhead on Dec. 16, 1915. On Dec. 30 at 3.45 p.m.,

she was steaming at full speed, making an average of ten knots. There was a look-out in the crow's-nest and two look-outs were on the forecastle head. The weather was fine and clear. The wind was in the west, blowing moderately, with a slight sea.

The chief officer, Frederick James Hawley, had just been called, as he was to go on duty at four o'clock, when he felt and heard a violent explosion. He ran on deck and found the upper hatches of No. 5 hold and the tarpaulins blown out of position. They had been battened down on leaving Liverpool.

He gave orders at once to lower the boats below the level of the harbor-deck, and this was done. He then sounded No. 5 hold and

found 18 inches of water. He also saw the cargo breaking up and floating out of the steamer's side. She had been struck on the starboard side, at No. 5 hatch, below the water-line. Hawley then personally searched the forecastles to make sure that nobody was in them. He conferred with the master, and they decided to abandon the ship, as she was beginning to settle by the stern, and it was growing dark.

At about 5.15 all hands left the steamer in six boats, and rowed clear. About six o'clock a submarine appeared from the southward, and fired six shots into the steamer on the port side forward. At 6.15 all the boats were made fast, astern of the master's boat, to keep them together during the

night. A few minutes later the submarine came alongside, asked for particulars of the steamer, and then steered to the eastward. After this masts were stepped, sails broken out, and a course set for Crete, which was thought to be fifty-five or sixty miles away. They sailed all night.

In the early hours of New Year's morning it fell calm. The boats were separated, and the men rowed till 10 a.m., when a light northerly wind sprang up. They set sail, and continued till 5 p.m., when the boats were all made fast again astern of the master's boat. They sailed all night.

On Jan. 2, at eight o'clock in the morning, they made the north-east end of Crete, but the wind and sea increased, and the boats were

blown to the south-west, along the coast. It was only three or four miles distant, but the heavy sea made it impossible to land.

At ten o'clock that night the third officer's boat parted the tow-rope. The second gunner's boat was attached to this one, and they were both swallowed up in the darkness. The master's boat cast off, and went in search of them. Hawley's boat lay to with the others all night waiting.

It was a terrible night. There were a good many natives of India in the boats' crews, and they suffered greatly from the exposure. One by one, in the dim light of the lanterns, pathetically as children, they gave up the fight for life, and slipped into the water that swilled about their feet. The wild

eyes, always aloof from our own, widened and flashed like the eyes of frightened forest creatures. Five of them died in Hawley's boat, and were lifted, dripping from the water that had been shipped, and slipped over the side into the dark sea. A sixth died in the second officer's boat.

At daybreak on Jan. 3 the master's boat was sighted, a black dot among the distant whitecaps; and at about eight o'clock he rejoined them. He told them that he had been unable to find the missing boats, and that three natives in his own boat had also died during the night.

At four o'clock on the afternoon of this day they decided to abandon number one boat, transferring the fourth engineer (who was in

charge of it) with six natives to Hawley's boat, and two natives to the master's boat. The wind and sea increased, and at 4.30 the rudder on the master's boat was carried away. He then made fast astern of the second officer's boat.

At 5.30 the wind and sea had increased so much that the master was forced to let go. He set a reefed jib; and at daylight on the 4th there was no sign of him. At 2 p.m. he was sighted again, sailing to the westward. Hawley set sail and tried to follow him, but he had the second officer's boat attached and could not get up to him. The last they saw of the master's boat was at sunset on the fourth, making about west-south-west, and finally vanishing into the evening light. Sails were

stowed and the boats lay to. The sea anchor was used that night, and at daybreak Hawley attached a bucket to the sea anchor to increase its weight.

At 1 a.m. on the 5th it was decided to abandon number four boat, and transfer the second officer, fifth engineer, and seven natives, with their food and water, to Hawley's boat. This was a perilous task in a wind and sea so boisterous; and during the process the rudder of Hawley's boat was broken and unshipped. He then used an oar, with a goosewinged jib as a jigger, to keep head to sea.

During the forenoon the wind rose to a gale, with a high increasing sea. The boat labored heavily and shipped water, and heavy sprays burst continually

over the men as they baled. Oil was used, and the baling went on without a break.

At noon on the 5th they sighted the smoke of a steamer on the south-east, but she drew no nearer, and the smoke died away. All this time, it must be remembered, the men were soaked from head to foot by the wintry seas. On Jan. 6 at six o'clock the second cook died from exposure, and the blue frozen body was dropped overboard. Half an hour later the officers' boy died, and at nine o'clock on the same bleak morning a fireman died. The burial of these dead, the heave and brief plunge of the bodies as they lightened the boat, were the only interruptions to the long monotony of the baling.

At ten o'clock the wind and sea moderated a little. Hawley set a reefed lug-sail; and, having decided to make for Alexandria, though it was about 250 miles distant, he steered E.S.E. At 4.15 that afternoon another native died, and was "buried."

They sailed all night. At 5 a.m. on Jan. 7 the wind shifted to N.W., and freshened, and the sea increased again. At six o'clock the captain's boy died (having fought hard for life all through the night), and his burial left the boat still lighter.

At 7.30 a.m. they put a second reef in the lug-sail, and steered S. E. At 8 a.m. they sighted a steamer on the port-bow, only about three miles distant. Cries broke from their blackened lips, and they

made signals of distress by waving some of the dead men's clothing, a coat and a shirt, on a stick.

When the steamer sighted the boats she headed for them at once, and signaled by blowing her whistle. At 8.30 they were alongside the steamer (the Crown of Arragon), and by nine o'clock the diminished crews were taken aboard. They were all at the point of exhaustion.

On the Crown of Arragon brandy and hot coffee and dry clothes were given to them. But on the way to Malta two more men died from the effects of their long exposure.

The rest was told in a few telegrams reporting the case and asking that search should be made for the missing boats. They were never found. "Civilization" is

very big and busy; and one telegram in reply stated: "No ships available."

But, grimly as this crew was thinned out, that of the *Whitgift* fared even worse. The only evidence of the attack on this ship is that of a Japanese, one of the crew, who sent a postcard to the owners (Messrs. Parker, Hamilton, and Company) from a prison camp in Germany. All the rest of the crew were lost. The postcard ran as follows:

To Miggis, Palkel, Hamilton, and Co.

June 17, 1916.

Dear Sirs—I have written you once from Hemeln, but did not receive any answer. I am now in Lager Holzminden, Barrack 4. On April 20, 1916, our ship has been torpedoed by a German U boat, and now I am prisoner. If it is possible, I would be very grateful to you if you

would send me from time to time a parcel and money, because all my things are lost, and I cannot write to Japan.—Yours,

IKEHATO SABURO.

The waves of this war break on every coast in the world, and the sound of them washes over every Continent, bringing sorrow to the remotest ends of the earth. In the early days of the war I met an old gardener on the coast of Maine. He was a Scot by birth, but had been an American citizen for over half a century. "My son went back to Scotland," he told me, "to see some of my folks at home, and he took up mine-sweeping. He was drowned just off Aberdeen, where I was born."

But it is almost equally dangerous for neutral seamen to engage in the humane work of bringing

food to Belgium. The Greek steamer Embiricos was taking a cargo of maize for the Belgian Relief Committee when she was sunk by a submarine in the Channel. The crew were put into open boats at nightfall, though the weather was very stormy, with a wild rain, and the sea ran mountains high.

The Greek captain, John Palao-crassas, lost sight of the second boat (there were only two) as they were going before the wind and sea. He tried to go back and find them, but found it impossible, and went on his way burning paraffin flares.

They saw the flash of the Lizard Light across the tumult of the storm, and a steamer passed them, "like a great hotel," with lights

out. The men shouted, the captain blew his whistle, and the flare — which was about 50-candle-power—must have been seen. In these waters, however, at night, a large steamer is apt to suspect the tricks of the U boat in any unusual signals, and cannot take too many risks.

At last they encountered the green light of one of our heroic little Brixham trawlers, and heard the reassuring shout, "All right!" The sea was so rough that it was after midnight when they were hauled aboard. They searched the sea, as thoroughly as possible in that wild weather, but the other boat with her crew of twelve Greek seamen was never seen again. So much for the German tenderness towards the Kingdom of Greece.

CHAPTER III

THE UNFORESEEN

The victims of the "open boat" system do not all die as quickly as the women and children of the *Lusitania*, but "civilization" is much too big and busy to keep count of the numerous obscure murders of the innocent and helpless at sea. We are told that their deaths are "unforeseeable." We are not told whether any "place of safety" had been arranged for the crew of the *Margam Abbey*, but her master was approached at Seattle, Tacoma, Panama and Rio Janeiro by certain mysterious

agents and offered large sums of money if his steamer never arrived in France. This is the new warfare. When he refused, he was threatened with a place of eternal safety for his own personal benefit. And Robert Louis Stevenson used to be reproached by the "crickets" for his "romantic" aloofness from the realities of our ordered life! My only criticism to-day is that this too real romance, confronted quite squarely by a contemporary, in an inn at Rio Janeiro, looks uncommonly like the bloodiest kind of murder.

One of the most curious methods of treating the crew of an attacked merchant ship is revealed in the case of the S.S. La Belle France. On Jan. 31, 1916, she left Port Said for Dieppe, via Algiers, with

a cargo of rapeseed, linseed, and barley from Karachi. She was unarmed for offense or defense. All went well till 2 p.m. on Feb. 1, when, without any warning, the ship was struck by a torpedo on the starboard side in the way of the cross-bunker holds. She listed heavily to starboard at once, and made much water, the hatches from No. 2 and the cross-bunker holds being burst open.

All hands were promptly called to the boat-stations, where the boats had already been swung out in case of attack. No. 1 lifeboat on the starboard side was then found to be broken by the concussion, and useless. International lawyers may well take note of this very common aspect of these attacks on merchant shipping.

The ship was listing more and more heavily, and all hands were ordered to the port-side boats, two of which were lowered by the master and officers. The lascar crews were ordered to keep close alongside the ship, but they became panic-stricken in the face of the new "frightfulness," and cast off from the ship without orders. The master and three other officers jumped into the boats from the deck. The chief officer, who was standing by the falls, and the chief engineer, who was stopping the engines, were left on board as the boats drifted away.

The chief officer dived overboard, and was picked up by No. 3 boat. The chief engineer, being unable to swim, remained on board till, as the vessel righted herself,

he succeeded in getting into No. 2 starboard boat, which was partly lowered. After about half an hour he was picked up by No. 3 boat.

No. 4 boat, in the meantime, had capsized. Some of the crew were swimming, and others were clinging to her bottom. The submarine rose to the surface, came alongside, and picked up these men. No. 3 boat was then called alongside the submarine by the officer in command, and was ordered to stand by. The officer of the submarine took his revolver and threatened to shoot both crews if they came nearer.

At this moment, four trawlers were seen on the horizon, and the submarine, sublimely oblivious of the shivering men it had just hauled on to its deck, dived with

the whole bunch of them still standing there, and left them to flounder to the surface as best they could. Some of them were saved by No. 2 boat, but nineteen were drowned, a good many being sucked down by the diving submarine. A delay of a very few seconds, of course, would have made it possible to save them all. But the whole affair throws a curious light on the German method. It might be described as the tempering of mercy with callousness, and reminds one of the nonsense-world of Edward Lear, whose creatures regarded one another with affectionate disgust.

The most excessive caution could hardly have regarded this action as necessary to the safety of the U boat, for the trawlers at

this time were many miles away, black dots on the horizon. It seems to be one of many examples of a curious whimsicality that breaks (by way of reaction perhaps) through the systematic soul of the German. He has carried his logic to the point of madness, and perhaps some law of compensation demands that it should be offset by an equally insane capriciousness. There seems to be no other explanation of the gnome-like cruelties that have crept out of his once music-haunted mountains. On one occasion, a temporarily merciful German commander kindly offered to tow some open boats, which had been damaged and were leaking badly, into a place of safety. He saw some aircraft in the distance, after

the boats had been made fast, and he promptly dived with the boats behind him, not even waiting to cast loose. It was only after a frantic struggle and wild hacking with knives at tangled ropes in blind whirlpools, that these men escaped with their lives. There is, no doubt, a certain grotesque humor about this, from the German point of view, but when nineteen lives are lost, and nineteen homes desolated, the laugh can hardly be a very hearty one, even in the cities of the new civilization.

It becomes more and more difficult, however, in a world-war that seems to have grown too big for the human intellect, to keep more than a few of the facts before us at one time. One finds, over and over again, well-meaning

people who shudder at these hideous aspects of the matter, but are content to regard them as a part of the new "sea warfare." They are unable to retain, apparently, more than half a dozen ideas simultaneously, unable to realize that all this has no relation whatsoever to "warfare," that these men were non-combatants on merchant ships, and that in a great many cases they were the citizens and the ships of neutral countries. Nobody who can retain all these facts simultaneously can come to any other conclusion than that the charge is one of wilful murder on the high seas. Undoubtedly our world has grown too big for us.

It is difficult to imagine what must be the sensations of some of these merchant seamen, men who

have been occupying their business in fishing or coasting trade and suddenly find themselves menaced by all these strange new devilries. Sometimes the menace is as weird and unexpected as a descent of squadrons from another planet. The Franz Fischer, more or less on her guard against attack from the sea, was surprised by an attack from the skies of quite a new kind. The Franz Fischer was a coasting trader of about 970 gross tons. She left Hartlepool for Cowes, with a cargo of coal, on Jan. 31, 1916. She was unarmed.

About 9.30 p.m. on Feb. 1 the ship was informed by a torpedo-boat that there were floating mines ahead. James Henry Birch, the chief engineer, said that at this time the weather was very fine,

with no wind or sea, but it was black dark. The engines were working full speed ahead, and the ship would be about sixteen miles N.N.E. of the Kentish Knock. The master hailed him through the engine-room skylight, told him of the warning, and said he had decided to anchor. The ship anchored at about ten o'clock, and had two white anchor lights burning. The chief engineer went on deck to the cabin, which was amidships, to see the master.

While they were sitting in the cabin, talking, they heard a faint noise of aircraft. The mate, who had just come off the bridge, called to them through the partition from his own cabin, asking them if they heard it. The master replied, "Yes, what is it?" The

mate said he did not know, but, whatever it was, it was coming from the south-east. The sound then appeared to die away, but in about two minutes it became deafening. They got up to see what it was, and went through the short alley-way towards the deck. Just as Birch opened the door leading on to the deck there was a terrific explosion, and the master and himself were knocked down back into the cabin, partly by the concussion and partly by a great mass of seawater which had been heaved up by the explosion. When they were on their feet again they found they were soaking wet.

The ship steadied after the concussion, and everything seemed all right for a few moments. Birch rushed to the engine-room to call

“all hands on deck”; but, just as he got there, the second-mate, second-engineer, steward, donkey-men, and mess-room boy came on deck. They were all nearly naked, as they had been roused from sleep.

By this time the ship was taking a heavy list to port. Birch and some of the crew hurried round to the starboard life-boat, where some of the remainder were already assembled. One sailor was in the life-boat, which was swung out ready for lowering. The ship was rapidly falling over to port. Her funnel was still intact, but it was too dark to see if the masts were standing.

In a few more seconds all the men were half-way to the bottom of the sea, fighting for life in a black whirlpool. The ship had

sunk like a stone. When Birch came gasping to the surface he looked round for any wreckage that might be floating, and saw the life-belt box which had stood on the bridge. He managed to get hold of this. Others of the crew swam up, until about eight naked men were hanging on to the "reasonable place of safety" which had been so thoughtfully provided for them.

The scene that followed in the pitch-black sea was a somewhat ghastly one. Some of the men tried to climb on top of the box, with the result that it rolled over, and, when it righted, several of them were missing. These panic-stricken efforts to climb out of the water—a common occurrence in such cases with men who are not

practised swimmers, and many sailors are not—were repeated with horrible insistence, and, each time, the box rolled over and rose with fewer men, gulping and clutching and cursing. At last Birch swam away from the box as the best way of saving his own life. He found a life-belt, which he put round him as best he could, and managed to keep afloat. After a time he lost consciousness, and when he recovered he was in a life-boat belonging to the Belgian steamer Paul. The steward and another sailor were also in the boat. They were taken aboard the Paul and given dry clothes and hot coffee, about eight o'clock in the morning; but in their one night of horror they must have lived considerably more than the allotted span of life.

This attack on an unarmed ship at anchor had undoubtedly been made by a Zeppelin. One of the men on the bridge said afterwards that the aircraft seemed to be circling overhead in the darkness, dropping closer and closer to the vessel, like a great night-hawk attracted by the white anchor-lights. It grew much louder than an aeroplane—more like “several express trains all crossing a bridge together”; and at its loudest it was impossible to hear a man shout. Then there came a sudden silence, followed by the terrific explosion, which flung the men about and dazed them.

It would be interesting to know how Germany would reconcile this attack with her well-known regard for international law. Possibly it

was a "mistake." She may have mistaken a ship, with so German a name, for a fortified city like Scarborough, or perhaps for a cathedral in disguise.

CHAPTER IV

A PRUSSIAN

“The last we saw of the captain’s boat was They drifted away. We never saw them again.”

This is the burden of a hundred tales, true tales, that are so plain and simple that I believe very few people realize their meaning. It seems inconceivable otherwise that a civilized world should allow the sickening work to continue, as it does, day after day and night after night, in this bleak winter—a work of murder against unarmed men on the high seas. “Open boats!” What a mockery is that safeguard

in the face of the Lusitania outrage. But the mockery does not stir the world. Our civilization has neither eyes to see nor ears to hear, unless the case be a very large and sensational one. How many people have heard, for instance, of the Tringa? She was a ship of over 2,000 tons, and carried a crew of only twenty-five men. What are twenty-five men to civilization? To German civilization they are less important than cats' meat. As for the neutral world, the cries of drowning men must come from at least fifteen hundred throats in order to be heard at all. Undoubtedly our civilization has grown too big for us, and no human cry will halt a wheel of it. On a certain cold November day the crew of the

Tringa saw the wake of a torpedo pass under her stern. Immediately afterwards a submarine appeared on her starboard quarter about four hundred yards away. She opened fire at once on the unarmed ship. This is the narrative of one of the crew:

We blew three blasts on the whistle to indicate that we were trying to stop the ship; but she still continued to fire. One shot crashed right through the crew's quarters. We immediately lowered three boats, and got all the crew away from the ship. The U boat circled round to the portside, and still continued to fire at the ship. She passed close to the boats while she was firing, and fragments of the ship fell among them. The last shot caused a heavy explosion. The ship went down shortly afterwards, stern first.

The submarine was painted a dirty white and was flying the

Austrian flag. Three men were on the platform, and one in the conning tower. Having done her worst, she disappeared, without troubling about the human derelicts.

“The weather was very bad,” continues one of the survivors, “and a high sea was running. We drifted for forty-two hours in the open boat, baling continually, for we were shipping heavy seas. The last we saw of the captain, in the life-boat, with thirteen men, was on Friday evening at 5.30. He was drifting to eastward. We were picked up by a steamer at eight o'clock on Sunday morning.”

“The last we saw . . .” is not the last glimpse of the mind's eye, however, for those who have the heart to picture the last agonies of the missing men. A Roman poet once declared that it was pleasant to stand in safety upon the shore and watch others battling for life

with the waves. One fears that there must have been a Prussian streak in Lucretius; but the sentiment, in a less extreme form, is a common one. Certainly it is pleasant to most men to see an enemy battling with the waves of his own anger, especially when he is the commander of a U boat.

The Chantala was an unarmed British ship, and she was torpedoed without warning. The crew had all taken to the boats. It was hazy weather, with a long swell, a light breeze, and what sailors call "low visibility." The boats lay to for nearly an hour, without sighting the submarine, and, as the ship had not yet shown signs of sinking, the master decided to return to her. The U boat, however, was evidently watching them like a lynx

—an easy matter with a periscope that is almost invisible at a few hundred yards distance. As soon as the master's boat began to pull towards the ship there was a "whizzing noise," and a shell passed overhead, striking the water very near them. Then the submarine appeared, about a mile away, rushing up at full speed. The boat was stopped at once, but four more rounds were fired directly at her, and narrowly missed her. The submarine then fired ten rounds at the ship, seven of which crashed into the stern. It was evidently a highly excitable submarine, for she broke off this amusement abruptly and came tearing for the boats, with her commander bellowing: "Where's your captain? Come on board

you English dog! You murderer!
You bastard!"

The master got his boat alongside, and the German commander swore at his own men, struck them and kicked them, for not fending her off properly. The master was then told to come to the conning tower, which he did. There the submarine captain caught him by the throat, threatening to hang him and using very foul language. One of the sailors described him as "a short man, with fair hair, a glassy eye, clean shaven, and about as foul-mouthed as a pigstye." The submarine captain said that his brother had been murdered by the Baralong, but it was more than likely that he never had a brother, for he was apparently ready to say anything

that came into his head, with a decided preference for what was violently untrue. It is a mood well known to psychologists and to every judge in the criminal courts. It is the way of the weak man, seeking to impress or terrorize those who are temporarily in his power. He asked the master the name of his ship and her port of departure. The German did not deny the name of the ship, but when the master named the port of "London" he replied, "You dirty dog, I know you called at Plymouth." Probably he had been reading of the exploits of Devonshire seamen. He then abused the master at more length, took three snapshots of him, and ordered him back to his boat. The natives in the boat's crew began

salaaming to the submarine commander, who returned the compliment by spitting at them and calling them "dirty black dogs."

The submarine then sent a boat to the ship, and after looting her of a considerable amount of portable property, including a crate of prize fowls, they sank her with time-fuse bombs. The crew of the *Chantala* were left in their open boats, eighteen miles from land. But in this case only the eight seamen who were killed by the first unexpected explosion lost their lives. The "only eight," however, is commentary enough on the present state of civilization and the impotence of international law.

The brutality of the open-boat system of dealing with passengers and crews of merchant ships is well

illustrated by the case of the Chic. On April 13 the Chic was about forty-five miles south-west of the Fastnet Lighthouse, in the Atlantic Ocean. There was a strong westerly breeze and a confused sea, in which small open boats could not be launched without great risk to life. A submarine suddenly appeared on the starboard side and began shelling the ship, which was unarmed. She stopped at once, and the crew were ordered to abandon her. An effort was made to lower the port life-boat, but it was caught by a sea and lifted quite slack in the blocks. On release, when the sea subsided, it dropped heavily. The after-gear was carried away. The carpenter, who was entangled in the rope, was nearly strangled. A seaman

named Creighton, who was in the boat, was flung into the water, well clear of the ship. A life-buoy was thrown to him, but he was heavily clothed, probably wearing sea-boots, and he was drowned. The boat rapidly filled. Efforts were made to bale her, but she was found to be too badly damaged to be seaworthy. The submarine, however, was not concerned with these trivial matters of common humanity. She was concerned with great things like the impersonal movement of the stars, the destiny of Germany, and the God who is undoubtedly "mit uns." She was now on the port side of the ship, with her conning-tower and part of her body showing. They were painted an "invisible green." The conning-

tower, the engineer of the Chic noted, had four brass cylinders.

She dipped and appeared again, several times, in quick succession; and at about 11.30, when she was submerged, there was a dull, thudding explosion, and the Chic vibrated, with sounds of escaping steam. Volumes of steam and smoke poured from the engine-room, stoke-hold, ventilators, and all entrances. The ship heeled to starboard, and a huge mass of green water washed over the lower deck from port to starboard. The ship seemed to be sinking. The second engineer jumped into the water, and was picked up by the starboard life-boat, in which there were sixteen other men. She pulled clear, and waited for the jolly boat, which had been lowered, with

about eight men in her. The submarine had now done her duty, apparently, and had finally disappeared. The second engineer described the result of this abominable crime as follows, and I give it as nearly as possible in his own words:

The captain in the jolly boat hailed us, telling us to get out our sea anchor and come closer, so that he could put a navigating officer aboard. The second officer, who had the necessary instruments in his case, prepared to come aboard the life-boat; but, owing to the heavy sea, the first attempt very nearly led to a bad collision, and the jolly boat was forced to stand off. They had their sea anchor out, and we were told to drift with them. Verbal communication from boat to boat was impossible owing to the boisterous weather, and, as it was impossible to pull against the sea, we drifted, according to the captain's last orders, taking care at

every opportunity to keep them in sight, so that we should not be parted. It was clear that we were making more way than the captain's boat, but knowing that they were in a position to come up to us we took it for granted that the captain had some purpose in view. The distance increased till we had some difficulty in seeing them, but whenever they rose to sight on the crests they seemed to be riding the sea well. They showed no signals. The last we saw of the captain's boat was about 3 p.m. She was then about three-quarters of a mile away. At this time the weather was very rough, the sea confused, and we were shipping much water. We had a consultation, and decided not to alter our course till darkness set in, trusting that the weather would abate, or that the other boat would come up to us, and that we should be able to communicate. Darkness set in about 7.30, and we hove to. Nothing further was seen of the captain's boat. Eventually we set sail and struck a course in

the hope of making the south of Ireland. We saw one ship's light, but did not hail her. The next morning, about 8 a.m., we were taken aboard the S.S. Glengariff.

Could anything illustrate more completely the chaotic brutality of the present defiance of international law at sea. It is simply a tale of murder, foul and unnatural—a most damning indictment of the new German civilization. The Allies are fighting the criminal. I do not see how neutrals can fail, at least, to pass their moral judgment upon him. If they do not do so openly, there are only two explanations. The first is, that they do so secretly, but the German "frightfulness" has muzzled them; the second is, that a great part of the human race has terribly deceived itself about its own char-

acter. No contempt can be too complete for the perpetrators of this outrage against every chivalrous instinct that has ever found a brief lodging in the unhappy heart of man.

CHAPTER V
MAGNIFICOS AND THE
DEAD

The attitude of the Central Powers towards the open boat murders is an entirely cynical one. Enough has already been said to show that, in the very nature of things, there can be no foreseen security for passengers and crews consigned to open boats many miles out of sight of land. And this is the cynical method of imposing upon credulous landsmen adopted by the Central Powers:

NOTE VERBALE.

VIENNA, OCT. 25, 1916.

The Imperial and Royal Ministry of Foreign Affairs has the honour to bring

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the following information, received from the Imperial and Royal Ministry of War, Naval Division, to the knowledge of the American Embassy. The steamer *Windermere* was sunk by mechanical devices by a detached crew from an Austro-Hungarian submarine, after the steamer's crew had left the ship in well-equipped life-boats. Nothing further is known to the Imperial and Royal authorities about the crew's fate. In view of the fact that, at the critical time, there was fine weather, only a slight breeze and a moderate sea, any accident the boat might have met with would, in the opinion of the Imperial and Royal Ministry of War, Naval Division, have to be ascribed to an event not to be foreseen.

In other words, the Central Powers deliberately reason from incomplete premises. This, in fact, is the explanation throughout of the amazing German logic. You can prove anything you like if

you are allowed to choose your own premises. It is the main danger of logic in the complicated modern world. Hardly ever can you get a complete statement of the factors in any political or social or philosophic problem. This is probably the reason for the success of the illogical British attitude towards all these matters. We can never accept any "-ism" as the whole truth, because we know instinctively that the last word can never be said by mortal man on any subject of this kind. But we must assume that, in the last result, the dice are loaded on the side of the angels, in favor of righteousness; and that there is an eternal basis for the right. There is no way out of the chaos which "agnosticism" has been preparing

for our civilization but a return to at least this irreducible minimum of a creed. Otherwise, the deluge will indeed follow. Germany has proved that customs and conventions are valueless without some fundamental sanction.

The "unforeseen event" in the case of the Windermere came about thus: She was a steamer bound from Tyne Dock to Savona, in Italy, with a cargo of coal. When she left Gibraltar the weather—as the Imperial and Royal Magnificoes asserted—was clear and fine. The wind was in the east, blowing lightly, with a smooth sea. At 4.30 in the afternoon she was making about eight knots, when an unknown steamer was sighted on the western horizon, about six miles away, and the report of a

gun was heard. The chief officer, John Fergusson, saw through his glasses that there was a submarine, about two miles distant, between himself and the steamer. He called the master from the chart-room, and he ordered the helm to be put hard aport. The U boat then fired a shell, which passed about twenty yards a-starboard. The ship was stopped, and all hands were ordered to the boats: but another shell was fired while they were actually engaged in this. Fergusson and eleven men got into No. 1 life-boat, while the master and eleven men got into the other.

By this time the submarine was close at hand, and one of her officers asked for the master, who stood up in the boat. The officer asked various questions about the

ship, and eventually gave the master the course to Port Mahon. The master asked the distance, and was told that it was about forty miles. Now, every sailor knows, unless he be an Imperial and Royal Magnifico of the Naval Division of the Austrian Ministry of War, that nothing can be "foreseen" about the fate of open boats forty miles from land. The chief officer's boat made more headway than the master's, as her sail was larger; and three times she turned in order to keep company with him. Arthur Brace, the second engineer, gave the following account of the unforeseeable:

"The third time we stopped the master said to the mate, 'Keep more to the south.' After that we did not get into speaking distance, and we saw her light

for the last time about 11 p.m. She was apparently following the same course as ourselves. We held on our course till we sighted Majorca, about noon on the following day, and ran past the lighthouse point into a small bay (Las Sabinas). We landed on the beach, and were taken to an inn, where we had supper, and slept."

The rest was telegrams from anxious relatives to the owners, and from the owners to the Admiralty; those curiously pleading telegrams in which the human emotion is expressed unconsciously, by the pathetic implication that those in authority may somehow change bad news into good. "We do hope that you will soon send us news of missing boat. Relatives anxious." "We sincerely trust that" But the "unforeseeable" had happened. The missing boat was

never found, though six feluccas were despatched to search for her; and there was nothing left to telegraph but "our deep regret." The sea keeps her secrets well.

The plea of "unforeseeable" is, of course, vitiated by the plain fact that hundreds of men have been forced to fight with every known danger of the sea in their "open boats." The crew of the Scottish Monarch (a small ship, with a cargo of sugar) could certainly foresee something of the fate that was in store for them, when they were attacked by a U boat about forty miles south from the Ballycotton Light. After four rounds of shell from the pursuing submarine, which holed the ship on the port side, the master stopped the engines and ordered all hands

to the boats, which were successfully launched. The master at first refused to leave the ship, and remained on the bridge, while the submarine continued firing at her, till she began to sink. The chief officer then asked permission by signs to take off the master, and the enemy ceased firing until this was done. When the master left her the decks of the Scottish Monarch were awash. The master and nineteen of the crew were in one boat, and fifteen of the crew were in the other. The two boats kept together till dark; but at 8.40 the chief officer's boat capsized owing to the choppy sea, and sight of the other boat was lost in the confusion. All hands, after a struggle, managed to regain the boat, but she remained full of

water, with her tanks adrift. Before midnight she had again capsized three times, and the reader may imagine for himself what scenes were enacted in that lonely darkness of wind and sea. Only four hands out of the fifteen were left at the end of the third desperate struggle. They were the mate, the carpenter, and two seamen. They saw one or two vessels in the early morning, but their only means of signaling was a handkerchief on a stick, and they were not noticed.

The boat was battered to and fro like a cockle-shell in the smoking seas, and about eight o'clock in the morning the two seamen became too exhausted to cling on. They were slowly washed overboard. Their faces and hands

swirled up once or twice in the foam, and then disappeared. At five o'clock on that day, after long hours of struggle, the mate, who was sitting aft, gradually dropped into the water in the bottom of the boat, and died there. The carpenter was now the only survivor. All that he endured in the long following night and day, with the dead man washing to and fro at his feet, and the dead face looking up at him through the bubbling water, can only be imagined. He says that "nothing particular" happened. At night-fall on the next day, more than twenty-four hours later, twenty-four hours of lonely battering and slow starvation, he and the dead body were picked up by a Grimsby trawler and landed at St. Ives. Nothing

was ever heard of the other boat. But from what we know we can conjecture what happened to the unknown. It is a tale to rouse the whole civilized world, if any civilization be left. For these were non-combatants on a small ship, entirely unarmed for offense or defense, and carrying only a cargo of sugar!

But the most amazing tale of all is perhaps that of the *Coquette*. The crew were forced to abandon her in two open boats, by a submarine which first looted the ship and then sank her. (She was a steamer of 4,000 tons, carrying salt.) The master protested against being set adrift in boats which had been damaged and were leaking badly. There were seventeen men in the master's boat, and

fourteen in that of the chief officer. They lost touch with one another after the second night, and the master's boat drifted for six days and nights. Finally it made land at Res Hamanas, in North Africa. Two stokers were despatched along the coast to look for help, and, soon after they had gone, the other fifteen ship-wrecked men were attacked by Bedouin Arabs. The master said that the Arabs appeared to have a queer chivalry of their own. They shot chiefly at the two biggest men, severely wounding himself and another. Three men, however, were killed, and ten were taken as prisoners into the interior and held to ransom. A flying column was despatched in search of them, and eventually the ten survivors reached England. But

the chief officer's boat was never heard of again. It was an "open" boat, and its loss was due no doubt to events that could not be foreseen.

These atrocities, committed upon non-combatants, neutrals as well as those belonging to belligerent nations, in un-barred as well as in barred zones, have received less attention than those committed upon land. The most terrible consequence of the general murder—outside the belligerent nations—to the new "frightfulness" (the principles of which were laid down in military text-books before the war, so that no excuse of "desperation" is valid) is that great numbers of civilized people have been taught to ignore all distinctions between right and wrong.

It is obvious that if civilization is not to sink beneath the contempt of the ape, some foresight will have to be exercised by those who are responsible for the maintenance of international law, and some action ought to be taken to bring the criminals to justice. If the strength of the criminal be the only thought, then civilization has made the last surrender. But it is also obvious that the success of the U boat is almost entirely confined to its attacks upon unarmed merchant ships, and very frequently neutral ships. How many times have we heard of their success in real sea-warfare? This is the heart of the whole matter, and it requires the most urgent consideration.

EPILOGUE

KILMENY

Dark, dark lay the drifters against the
red West,

As they shot their long meshes of steel
overside,

And the oily green waters were rocking
to rest,

When Kilmeny went out, at the turn
of the tide;

And nobody knew where that lassie
would roam,

For the magic that called her was
tapping unseen,

It was well nigh a week ere Kilmeny
came home;

And nobody knew where Kilmeny had
been.

She'd a gun at her bow that was
Newcastle's best,

And a gun at her stern that was fresh
from the Clyde;
And a secret her skipper had never confessed,
Not even at dawn, to his newly-wed
bride;
And a wireless that whispered above, like
a gnome,
The laughter of London, the boasts of
Berlin;
O, it may have been mermaids that lured
her from home;
But nobody knew where Kilmeny had
been.

It was dark when Kilmeny came home
from her quest,
With a bridge dabbled red where her
skipper had died,
But she moved like a bride with a rose
at her breast,
And "Well done, Kilmeny," the
Admiral cried.
Now, at sixty-four fathom, a conger may
come,

And nose at the bones of a drowned
submarine;
But—late in the evening Kilmeny came
home;
And nobody knew where Kilmeny had
been.

There's a wandering shadow that stares
at the foam—
Though they sing all the night to old
England, their queen—
Late, late in the evening, Kilmeny came
home;
And nobody knew where Kilmeny had
been.

MAY 29 1918